Pal. H'esa villaine then.
Per. Theſe are men.
Arcite. No,never Duke: Tis worſe to me than begging
To take my life ſo baſely,though I thinke
I never ſhall enjoy her,yet ile preſerve
The honour of affection,and dye for her,
Make death a Devill.
Theſ. What may be done? for now I feele compaſſion.
Per. Let it not fall agen Sir.
Theſ. Say *Emilia*
If one of them were dead,as one muſt,are you
Content to take th'other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes,and as noble
As ever fame yet ſpoke of; looke upon'em,
And if you can love,end this difference,
I give conſent,are you content too Princes?
Both. With all our ſoules.
Theſ. He that ſhe refuſes
Muſt dye then.
Both. Any death thou canſt invent Duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth,I fall with favour,
And Lovers yet unborne ſhall bleſſe my aſhes.
Arc. If ſhe refuſe me,yet my grave will wed me,
And Souldiers ſing my Epitaph.
Theſ. Make choice then.
Emil. I cannot Sir,they are both too excellent
For me,a hayre ſhall never fall of theſe men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Theſ. Thus I ordaine it,
And by mine honor,once againe it ſtands,
Or both ſhall dye. You ſhall both to your Countrey,
And each within this moneth accompanied
With three faire Knights,appeare againe in this place,
In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether
Before us that are here,can force his Coſen
By fayre and knightly ſtrength to touch the Pillar,
He ſhall enjoy her: the other looſe his head,

And

And all his friends; Nor ſhall he
Nor thinke he dies with intereſt
Will this content yee?
Pal. Yes:here Coſen *Arcite*
I am friends againe, till that hou
Arc. I embrace ye.
Theſ. Are you content Siſter?
Emil, Yes,I muſt Sir,
Elsboth miſcarry.
Theſ. Come ſhake hands agai
And take heede, as you are Gent
Sleepe till the howre prefixt, and
Pal. We dare not faile thee T
Theſ. Come, Ile give ye
Now uſage like to Princes,and t
When ye returne, who wins, Ile
Who looſes,yet Ile weepe upon

Actus Qua

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor,*
Iailor. Heare you no more,w
Concerning the eſcape of *Palam*
Good Sir remember.
1.*Fr.* Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the buſ
Was fully ended: Yet I might
Ere I departed, a great likelihoo
Of both their pardons:For *Hipo*
And faire-eyd *Emilie*,upon the
Begd with ſuch handſom pitty,t
Me thought ſtood ſtaggering, w
His raſh o'th,or the ſweet comp
Of thoſe two Ladies;and to ſeco
That truely noble Prince *Perith*
Halfe his owne heart, ſet in too
All ſhall be well: Neither heard

I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY